

THE BONNY BRIDE OF SUNNY JUNE.

In Paris They Have First, Second, and Third-Class Weddings,

ACCORDING TO THE MONEY SPENT

A Fad for Hyacinths—Fashion has Gone Back to the Very Long and Very Full Trained Gown—Pink the Color for Bridesmaids.

(Copyright 1898, for the Times.)

PARIS, May 18.—Everything suggests weddings and brides just now. Nearly every morning there is a swell wedding at that most aristocratic church "Pietre D'Or."

The smaller churches that dot the boulevards and streets are treated to several wedding processions during a single day.

They are alluded to in the frankest way here as first, second and third class weddings according to the amount spent in the outlay and no one feels hurt at the classification.

The woods around Paris are full of the jolliest bourgeois wedding parties who come out in great wagons to celebrate the wedding feast in the woods. The bride, in her white silks and light costume, trips lightly along in the tall gray and is the moving spirit in all the romping games.

A wedding among the aristocratic families of Paris is an event that calls forth a display of the smartest costumes and jewels imaginable, and there is always an appreciative crowd gathered at the church door to witness the affair.

A COLOR WEDDING.

To have the bridesmaids dressed in a chosen color is much favored—pink being the most popular color.

A certain modiste has just completed eight pink tulle gowns veiled in the same shade of mousseline de sole for the bridesmaids of the Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. They have been boxed for Cannes where the wedding will be celebrated. The bride's wedding gown is generally of satin though some does see from time to time a gown of bengaline glaze tulle and even silk poplin.

A simple wedding gown that was very rich was made of Duchess satin. The skirt was absolutely plain, and close fitting with the fullness at the back merging into a long ample train.

The corsage was a blouse veiled in

the lace gave a finish to the yoke and to the right side of the corsage where it fastened. The corsage was of the white satin laid in flat plaits.

A wedding gown made of white glaze tulle and studded with Strass was delightfully "shimmery." The skirt that was close fitting over the hips had rather a moderate train. It was trimmed around the front and sides with narrow ruffles that formed diamonds.

A WEDDING CORSAGE. The corsage of the tulle was close fitting and fastened at the left shoulder and under-arm seam. It had a yoke of white guaze laid in horizontal plaits. The silk bordering the yoke was cut in irregular scallops and bordered with tiny ruffles of the white guaze. An all over pattern of embroidery studded with Strass covered the corsage and tiny ruffles of the guaze were applied on in swirling designs.

The long close-fitting sleeves of the tulle were trimmed with the guaze ruffles that formed diamonds.

One of the simplest wedding gowns I saw was charmingly graceful in line. It was built of white poplin and was ornamented with a single spray of orange blossoms. The couturiere who designed it rather apologized for its extreme simplicity by assuring me that the bride-elect was not a juvenile fille.

The skirt with its rather moderate train fitted close over the hips. A circular flounce on the poplin commenced at the top of the left apron seam and increasing in width took the form of a pointed tunic.

POPLINS. The corsage was a blouse of the poplin that touched a trifle over the corsage at the front. It was trimmed with a reverse of the poplin, cut on the round, that started from the right shoulder and crossed over to the left side where it joined the ruffle on the skirt to give a princess effect. Here, there was caught a full bunch of orange blossoms. Double epaulettes of the poplin mounted the long close fitting sleeves. The collar was a high straight affair.

The mode of wearing the hair now is particularly well adapted to the arrangement of bridal veils. One of the newest ways is to gather the veil around the high knot with a tall heading and hold it in place with a wreath of orange blossoms or a jeweled tiara.

The jewellers exhibit now the daintiest little prayer books in ivory with the crest or initials traced in gold.

Not a few of them when ordered especially for the wedding of a young couple and this is considered the ideal gift from the girl's mother. The groom provides the tiara which must cost as much as

At Platform Three.

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY.

By Ewen Macpherson.

"Chesney, I just can't. That's all there is about it. Yes, I do, Chesney. You know I—I love you. But I can't leave poor mother to slave all by herself."

"And why can't I take care of both of you?" Chesney retorted in a tone that well suited his square shoulders and manly, self-reliant expression of face. "I've asked you that a dozen times before now, and you've never given me any answer that amounted to anything."

They were strolling together in the early dusk of a May evening, under the flowering lilacs that shaded the well kept gravel path along the inside of the cemetery wall.

"As for that," Hilda answered with some spirit, "if you don't think the answers I have given you amount to anything, Mr. Chesney Payne, you are not likely to get any better. So long as I've got fingers to strike the keys of a typewriter, and a sense to tell one letter from another, my mother shall not depend on anybody but me."

"Will you give in if I cut off your fingers?" Chesney asked laughing. "Please don't be funny about a thing like that, Chesney. You know it's only too serious a matter."

Something tremulous in the girl's voice told her lover that he had made a mistake in taking a tone of levity with her. "I beg your pardon, Hilda. I wasn't thinking—or thinking only about the future—the long, weary future that I can see for one of us at least. For you, it won't be so bad. You will always have your mother. I have neither mother, nor sister, nor brother."

"And your work, Chesney. You know very well that survey is as good as a wife and family to you." She was in a good humor again, and spoke with the accent of gay mockery. "Come now! If you were a married man, wouldn't you give six thoughts to your chains and compasses, and one to your wife?"

"Is that what married men do?" Ches-



"ONE PARTING KISS; SISTER DEAR GOOD BYE. IS THAT A TEAR DROP I NYORU EYE?"

white headstone on which was the inscription, "Luke Whitney Scott, captain 1872, from the effects of wounds received at Chancellorsville. Aged thirty-five years."

"Nobility to decorate this grave," the young man said softly, "and nobody to bring color and sweetness into my life, Hilda."

The girl answered nothing, but bit her lip and blushed.

They were standing now by a neat

ance to the national holiday. When he did, however, the May-day brilliancy flooded everything, as if flowers and green were things of the world, and white and blue bunting were a natural growth. It was an exceptionally vivid and impressive illustration of the proverb, "Better late than never."

The ceremonies were fully an hour late, but never, since the first Decoration Day, had they been so triumphantly bright, for, besides the contrast with the morning's gloom, there was no dust to dull or obscure the brightness of the flags, uniforms, and the gay dresses of women, or to hide the glitter of arms, accoutrements and musical instruments.

As a direct result of the day Chesney Payne was able to be present in the cemetery before the ceremonies were over. And everything gone on strictly according to the programme published the day before he would have thought it hardly worth his while to hurry to the spot at the end of a hard day's work, and to struggle through a dense crowd chiefly of women and children, to the white headstone opposite the third platform. As it was, having told Hilda and her mother that he could not be with them, he made up his mind to give them a surprise which, he believed, would be pleasant to one, at least of the two.

The afternoon sun slanted, already yellow, over the rain-freshened lilacs and the patches of grass here and there left uncovered by the crowds in the places more remote from the speakers' stands. The sunlight seemed to just gild the bright-colored hats of the women and skim the darker headgear of the men. An anthem had closed in one grand swelling chorus as Chesney entered the gates and he could see that many who had uncovered for the singing of the sacred song still held their hats to shade their eyes. Looking down into the hollow, he could see just where Hilda and her mother ought to be standing, but it was not until he had squeezed his way for some distance and saved much time here and there by tagging roundabout side-paths, that he was near enough to distinguish the two women. Strangely enough, for a man not apt by nature or training to notice such minutiae, he remembered the lilac and white trimmings of Hilda's spring hat.

He smiled to himself in anticipation of the pleasure he would have from their surprise when he would softly take his place behind them and then call Mrs. Scott by name, and then, too, there was that delicious thrill which he always felt when he was near a meeting with Hilda—an unvarying experience which alone would have been enough to make him reject the shrewd advice of older friends who consulted him to "quit hanging around it girl, there's never marry you," and to look for some one more inclined to matrimony.

He stopped when he was at last about four yards away from the mother and daughter—stopped to further consider where he should best creep up on them. The eloquence of the congressman, who was in the very middle of his speech at the time, made no impression upon Chesney. He could not see Hilda's face, he was so near a meeting with her, so he wished to approach from behind; so he watched her "lilac-trimmed hat as he would have kissed her glove in the absence of her hand. Then, suddenly, he noticed, by the turn of that hat, that she was talking to some one standing beside her—a man. He was a stranger, but he was filled with curiosity as to this man's identity, and from that moment Chesney's attention was transferred from Hilda's lilac to a gray felt hat to the right of them.

He pushed on a few feet nearer and a little to the left. The man wore a mustache—that was the first thing Chesney discovered. Next, he saw that the man was young looking, and dressed as this one was, he felt sure that this man was a stranger. Only for one instant did he imagine that the person who seemed to take so keen an interest in Hilda Scott and who whispered to her from time to time during the progress of the speech, could be a member of the firm which employed her services as a typewriter and stenographer. That thought was soon dismissed.

The speech seemed interminable to Chesney Payne. He longed to push on and reach a solution of the mystery of the man in the gray felt hat. Gradually he seemed to be getting cold; something made him shiver in spite of the bright sunshine.

As the speech came to an end and amid clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, Chesney saw that the gray hat stooped over toward Mrs. Scott. He was noting every movement.

Half an hour more of this agony, and the young man made up his mind to leave the cemetery alone and stay there alone.

"That solves the whole difficulty," he said to himself as he turned.

A woman standing near heard him mutter and stared curiously as she moved to let him go by her.

But he would give one more glance. Then came the worst. He saw the gray hat rise as if its wearer had been placing something on the grave. Then the man raised the gray hat deferentially, stooped and kissed Hilda on the cheek.

The crowd behind him was too thick to penetrate as fast as would suit Chesney Payne's mood after he had seen that kiss. He made straight for the open space between the front rank of the crowd and the speaker's platform. When he reached the front rank of spectators and would have gone on, thinking only of getting out of the place, he saw a blue-coated arm and a club stretched forth to bar his path.

"Can't pass this way," said the policeman.

"I want to get out," said Chesney.

"I'm in a hurry."

"Can't help it if you are in a hurry; got to go back the way you came."

It was a very unpleasant situation and Payne was in an unpleasant humor. In truth, he was within a very little of coming in collision with the law, and more than half a hundred people were watching the altercation with mingled disapproval of its unseemliness and enjoyment of its comical side.

"Mr. Payne! Here we are!" This way," Chesney looked round to see Mrs. Scott beckoning to him.

"Come here," she said.

And Chesney came. But he had misgivings whether it would not end in a scene with Hilda's friend in the gray felt hat.

"What made you go and get into a fuss with that policeman?" Hilda laughed. "Didn't you see us here?" I thought you weren't coming."

Chesney was stammering and looking very red, when Mrs. Scott interrupted her

"Hush, Hilda. Mr. Payne, let me introduce you to my brother-in-law, Mr. Barton Scott, of Portland, Oregon."

Chesney grew redder than before and stammered so very incoherently that Barton Scott afterward remarked to his niece, "Your sweetest, my dear, strikes me as about the least self-possessed young man I have met for many years. Fine, manly young fellow, though."

And that evening Hilda joked Chesney about it. "What was the matter with you, Chesney? You behaved like a guilty schoolboy."

"Guilty idiot," he answered; "but tell me about your uncle."

"Why, don't you know? We always thought he was drowned at sea just after the war. He didn't even know that papa was married. He—Uncle Barton was in the regular army in California when the war ended. He hasn't been here for over twenty-five years—been making money in shipping at Portland and all about the Pacific coast. But wasn't it strange? He stopped here for Memorial Day on his way to New York, found that papa was dead and came to the cemetery to see his grave and put some flowers on it. Mamma and I had just laid our flowers down when he came. He simply turned and bowed and said, 'Are you ladies related to Captain Luke Whitney Scott?' Then we told him."

After a long silence she said: "Uncle Barton isn't going to let me work at typewriting any more. He wants to take up 'Elo'."

"He isn't going to take you," said Chesney, almost fiercely.

"Who is then?" and Hilda laughed.

"I am—take you forever, May 1st!"

And then came laughter and tears and other demonstrations, which led to an early marriage ceremony.

So that Chesney was right, after all, when he said, "That solves the whole difficulty." Hilda was obliged to let some one else take care of her mother, even while she herself still had fingers, with rings, and sense to distinguish the letters of the alphabet. "But then," as Hilda told Chesney Payne, when he visited her about her mother's grave, "quite different when you have a rich bachelor uncle who, you thought, had died before you were born."

Speech.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough.

Look for the places that are smooth and clear.

And speak of those to rest the weary ear.

Of earth, so hurt by one continuous Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.

If you have faith in God, or man, or self.

Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.

No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale Of mortal maladies is worn and stale. You cannot charm or interest, or please, By harping on that minor chord, disease. Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God shall hear your words and make them true.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox, N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Hathaway Remembers That Bear

J. I. Hathaway, an old timer of Montana, is visiting Butte to-day. Nineteen years ago, while prospecting in the South Boulder country, he met with an adventure which almost cost him his life and which rendered him a cripple.

While out in the mountains he was attacked by a big bear, and before he was able to defend himself the bear struck him a blow on the left arm near the elbow, breaking the bone and knocking him down. He fell between two rocks with his feet toward the bear so that the latter was unable to reach him. Hathaway defended himself as best he could with his feet, but the bear kept reaching with his paws. During this time Hathaway was yelling for help, his companions being some distance away. The bear was becoming more ferocious every minute and finally reached for his abdomen with its paws. One of its claws caught in his abdomen and practically disembowelled him. His cries for help were heard and his companions rushed to his rescue. The bear died upon the approach of the men.

Hathaway, more dead than alive, was carried to his cabin. He remained for several days without a doctor until one was secured in Boulder, but he recovered from his injuries sufficiently to walk around. The bone of his arm, however, was shattered so badly by the blow of the bear that the arm is useless—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Out of Sight.

Spain—Caramba! My navy is better than yours.

Uncle Sam—I can't see it.—Chicago Tribune.

Girls employed at a Cleveland rubber works struck against a cut.

New York varnishers complain because their work is done by painters.



TWO FAIR-FACED BRIDES AS EVER WERE SEEN, STEPPED OUT IN THE DAWN OF A JUNE SERENE.

white mousseline de sole that was covered with appliques of Brussels lace. The edges of the patterns were traced with seed pearls. From the left shoulder there was a drape of the satin caught with a choix of mousseline de sole and a bunch of orange blossoms.

It crossed over to the right side of the bodice where it was finished at the waist band with a trailing bunch of the orange blossoms. The close fitting sleeves so-called "wreath" style—wreath sleeves were trimmed around with two bands of the Brussels lace and were mounted by epaulettes of mousseline de sole bordered with appliques of the lace.

A SATIN GOWN.

Another satin wedding gown though more elaborate was hardly as pretty in line. The skirt that was close fitting over the hips had a train that was exceedingly long as full. It was trimmed around the foot with a border of English applique lace. Above this there was a trimming of mousseline de sole ruffles forming a band of circles. Another band of the English applique lace started from the waist band at the right seam of the apron and continued around the skirt to give the effect of a tunic. The corsage was a blouse of the satin. It had a long yoke and sleeves of white mousseline de sole laid in fine horizontal plaits. Ruffles of satin covered with appliques of

he can afford. Indeed a man's wealth is measured by the tiara he buys.

Several very nice bridal gowns are of thin material made over silk substitutes such as narsilk and silkoline, but these atone for their economy in one way by their extravagance in another. I saw one gown of rather inexpensive silk tulle over imitation silk, while the waist, front, breadth and train fairly groined with a wealth of white hyacinths, fully a fortune being spent upon them.

Apple blossom weddings are beautiful but the orchard must be striped for them and the highly prized quince is beautiful treated in the same way.

NINA GOODWIN.

Complex Sentences.

WILMINGTON, DEL., May 27.—The Delaware court for a similar offence was that inflicted by Chief Justice Lore this afternoon in the County Court, when Edward Crook and Harry Sharper were sentenced to six years in jail, one hour in the pillory, forty lashes at the post and \$100 fine for robbing and beating John E. Hines of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

ney asked. "Perhaps it's a fortunate arrangement of human nature."

"Why?"

"So that married men may be able to take care of those same wives. Men have to stick pretty close to business nowadays, if their wives are to live."

"See?" Hilda said triumphantly. "And in your case it would be a wife and a mother-in-law."

"Oh, don't talk like that," said the young man impatiently. "It isn't much use, our talking about these things any how. Let's go and see how they're putting up the stands for Decoration Day."

"There'll be three platforms this time," Hilda said. "And that one down there is right opposite father's grave."

"Of course we will. Have we ever missed decorating father's grave since he died? I believe that was one reason why mother stayed here, instead of going out West, when they offered her that position in St. Louis. I was only a little girl then."

"Let's go now, she said, after a minute's silence. The sun is setting. They are going to lock the gates."

Certainly it seemed a hopeless dilemma to Chesney Payne when he sat down that evening to think the matter over. Do what he would, he could neither blame his friends for their independent spirit, nor see the reasonableness of her objections. If he were a poorer man, he thought, there might be sense and logic in the girl's position; but he was making a good living; the coldest and least sentimental of his friends told him that he was well able to support a wife and would be doing well to marry. Then, if he could support a wife, what difference would that wife's mother—a quiet, somewhat frail, but not invalid, mother—make in the burden he must carry? He shook his head sadly over the blue print that claimed his attention, and set to work doggedly, feeling that there was really nothing in life to work for, and that he was working on, on, on, simply on a blind instinct not to fall behind in his profession.

It turned out fine, after all, that Decoration Day. The morning had been so showery and threatening that committees had reserved quite half their display of bunting until the afternoon. Not until 3 o'clock did the sun seem determined to give his full and unqualified countenance to the national holiday. When he did, however, the May-day brilliancy flooded everything, as if flowers and green were things of the world, and white and blue bunting were a natural growth. It was an exceptionally vivid and impressive illustration of the proverb, "Better late than never."

The ceremonies were fully an hour late, but never, since the first Decoration Day, had they been so triumphantly bright, for, besides the contrast with the morning's gloom, there was no dust to dull or obscure the brightness of the flags, uniforms, and the gay dresses of women, or to hide the glitter of arms, accoutrements and musical instruments.

UNITED SECURITY LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Nos. 603-605 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1897.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand December 31, 1896.	\$ 186,221 71
Payments on mortgage investments.	847,141 29
Sales of bonds.	97,529 75
Time and call loans repaid.	96,253 75
Deposits.	4,972,712 69
Sales of real estate.	28,052 43
Miscellaneous, interest, commissions, ren-	28,015 63
Total.	\$6,852,328 30

DISBURSEMENTS.

Mortgage investments, first liens.	\$ 272,757 20
Bond investments.	42,962 27
Time and call loans on collateral.	968,216 77
Deposits.	\$,368,857 11
Real estate investments.	11,429 17
Interests in estates.	7,842 03
Interests on investments.	69,040 00
Salaries and commissions.	27,579 28
Expenses, Chestnut street property, real estate, etc.	56,770 47
Balance on hand December 31, 1897.	228,641 49
Total.	\$6,852,328 30

ASSETS.

Mortgage investments, first liens.	\$2,727,757 20
Real estate investments, including property, 605 and 603 Chestnut street.	42,962 27
Safe deposit vaults and fixtures.	968,216 77
Investment securities.	\$,368,857 11
Plant account.	11,429 17
Time and call loans on collateral.	125,190 15
Book accounts.	21,716 45
Interests in estates.	228,641 49
Cash balance.	\$1,034,533 10
Total.	\$10,000,000 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock.	\$1,000,000 00
Real estate reserve fund.	\$ 1,135 38
Mortality surplus.	325,000 00
General surplus.	48,533 11
Total surplus.	1,374,674 49
Undivided profits.	125,000 00
Mortgage, Chestnut street property.	1,728,328 30
Bonds.	728,328 30
Deposits.	4,972,712 69
Total.	\$10,000,000 00

WILLIAM VERNER, President.  
WILLIAM M. COATES, Vice-President.  
FRANCIS HENDERSON, Secretary and Treasurer.  
ERMONDE H. AUSTIN, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.  
FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY, Actuary.  
HARRY LA BARRE JAYNE, counsel and in charge trust department.

B. C. WHERRY,  
State Manager; 1015 E. Main Street.